RICHARD HARDING DAVIS AS HIS FRIENDS KNEW HIM

He Worked Hard and the Life He Lived Was as Full of Incident and Adventure as the Stories Which Made Him Famous

By JOHN N. WHEELER.

THIS story of Richard Harding Davis was written a year ago. There is little to add now and little to change, except the tense, for Davis is dead. He read and approved this article before it was printed.

The creator of "Captain Macklin," the author of "Soldiers of Fortune," lived the last year as he had the rest of his life, clean and hard, and he died, as have so many of his heroes in which he delighted, with his boots on. He was dictating a telegram over the telephone to the Mayor of New York city on preparedness, had just finished when the Bugler sounded taps for Richard Harding Davis.

Richard Harding Davis in the trenches. This was the last picture taken of Mr. Davis.

I had seen much of Davis in the last years of his life, and his death was a loss to his friends and to the world, but especially to his friends, for he was a good one. There was some consolation in it. Said one friend to me on the afternoon of the day news of his death reached us:

"Well, he didn't miss much. He lived and got all there was out of life. And he died as he wanted to die, in only the manner Davis could die."

Let that be his epitaph—he lived. Here is a story told of him living—the only way Richard Harding Davis himself would want it told:

In most any profession when one member of it, through ability, hard work and superior skill, sticks his head above the ranks of the regulars, every mediocre performer is waiting for a pot shot at his head. This I have discovered to be true among lawyers, physicians and artists, but the condition is particularly aggravated among newspaper men, actors and authors. Success in any line breeds jealousy and the best among us is poor at concealing it, no matter how skilful we may believe ourselves to be.

Richard Harding Davis attained his success while he was still extremely youthful and was recognized as one of the foremost writers of the country at an age when many young men are only putting the finishing touches on their college educations. "Soldiers of Fortune" and "Captain Macklin" came when Mr. Davis was about 25, and they made him over night.

Davis had done little work as a war correspondent in recent years until the United States sailors landed in Vera Cruz in the spring of 1914. There were many who said Mr. Davis would not "come back" when he started for the pseudo war, many who in fact secretly wished it, but Mr. Davis delivered the goods from Mexico and more lately from Europe, and he turned out more and better goods than any of the other numerous correspondents so copiously scattered over both places.

Richard Harding Davis went to Vera Cruz for a newspaper syndicate, and after the first sharp engagement in the Mexican seaport there was nothing for the correspondent to do but kill time on that barren, low lying strip of Gulf coast, hemmed in on all sides by Mexicans and the sea, and time is hard to kill there. Yet there was a story to be got, but it required nerve to go after it.

In Mexico city was Gen. Huerta, the dictator of Mexico. If a newspaper could get an interview with him it would be a "scoop," but the work was inclined to be dangerous for the interviewer, since Americans were being murdered rather profusely in Mexico at the time in spite of the astute assurances of Mr. Bryan, and no matter how substantial his references the correspondent was likely to meet some temperamental and touchy soldier with a loaded rifle who would shoot first and afterward carry his papers to some one who could read them.

One of the newspapers taking the stories by Mr. Davis from the syndicate had a staff man at Vera Cruz as well, and thought to "scoop" the country by sending this representative to see Huerta, in this way "beating" even the other subscribers to the Davis service. An interview in Mexico city was consequently arranged and the staff man was cabled and asked to make the trip. He promptly cabled his refusal, this young man preferring to take no such chances. It was then suggested that Mr. Davis should attempt it. By pulling some wires at Washington it was arranged, through the Brazilian and English Ambassadors at the Mexican capital, for Mr. Davis to interview President Huerta, with safe conduct (this being about as safe as non-skid tires) to Mexico city. Mr. Davis was asked if he would make the trip. In less than two hours back came this laconic cable:

"Leaving Mexico city to-morrow afternoon at 3 o'clock."

That was Richard Harding Davis—no hesitancy, no vacillation. He was always willing to go, to take any chance, to endure discomfort and all if he had a fighting opportunity to get the news. The public now knows that Davis was arrested on this trip, that Huerta refused to make good on the interview, and that it was only through the good efforts of the British Ambassador at the Mexican capital he was released. But Davis went.

There was an echo of this journey to the Mexican capital several months later after the conflict in Europe had been raging for a few weeks. Lord Kitchener announced at one stage of the proceedings he would permit a single correspondent, selected and indorsed by the United States Government, to accompany the British army to the front. Of course, all the swarm of American correspondents in London at the time were eager for the desirable indorsement. Mr. Davis cabled back the conditions of his acceptance. Immediately Secretary of State Bryan was called in Washington on the long distance telephone.

"Lord Kitchener has announced," the Secretary of State was told, "that he will accept one correspondent with the British troops in the field, if he is indorsed by the United States Government. Richard Harding Davis, who is in London, represents a string of the strongest newspapers in the United States for this syndicate, and we desire the indorsement of the State Department so he can obtain this appointment."

"Mr. Davis made us some trouble when he was in Mexico," answered Mr. Bryan. "He proceeded to the Mexican capital without our consent and I will have to consider the matter very carefully before indorsing him. His Mexican escapade caused us some diplomatic efforts and embarrassment." (What the Secretary of State did to bring about Mr. Davis's release on the occasion of his Mexican arrest is still a secret of the Department.)

Mr. Bryan did not indorse Mr. Davis finally, which was well, since Lord Kitchener of Khartum kept the selected list of correspondents loafing around London on one pretext or another so long they all became disgusted and went without an official pass from "K. of K." As soon as Mr. Davis was told he would not be appointed he proceeded to Belgium and returned some of the most thrilling stories written on this conflict at great personal risk.

With a certain New York newspaper Mr. Davis once, several years ago, had some dispute, and the feeling between the two has never since then been of the best. However, I was talking to the managing editor of this paper recently and we drifted to the subject of Davis. He does not like Mr. Davis and freely admits it.

"Well," said the M. E., "there is one thing about Davis none can deny. He will go anywhere that anybody will go. He will never quit on a job because it is dangerous. He went to places with Stephen Crane during the Cuban revolution and later during the Spanish-American war that the other correspondents would not venture. I'll say this for him, even though I don't like him."

The first time I ever met Mr. Davis was at his place in Mount Kisco, where he had a farm and boasted that from his porch no house was visible on the skyline. It was a rainy afternoon, and with an editor and a literary agent, very astute, not to say cagey, as are all literary agents I have known except one of the feminine gender who does not need to be, we had driven from New York to discuss the proposed trip of Mr. Davis to Mexico to cover the revolution. The irritation between the United States and Mexico and the demand for a salute had not then developed.

After that first meeting I spent a great deal of time with Mr. Davis, and I always found him to be the same, not at all concerned over the little things as far as he himself was interested in them, but vastly concerned for others. One of his hobbies was the Boy Scout movement, because he was a great believer in clean living and athletics for boys. He appreciated the value to this country of sturdy manhood, and he was first, last and always a citizen of the U. S. A.

I was visiting Mr. Davis at his Mount Kisco farm one Sunday last summer when the Boy Scouts were camping on the place. It was all theirs, and Mr. Davis deserted his house and guests, that many "Up and Onward" clubs would have lionized if they could have baited them to their weekly meetings because of their literary standing, in order to preach the gospel of outdoors to these boys who needed such preaching. He was in their camp and eating at their tables, though his own dinner awaited him in his home. He was one of them and he sent a great many boys back happy at the end of the two weeks.

All over the Davis farm are signs forbidding trespassing, because, as Mr. Davis used to explain, the construction of the new Catskill aqueduct in the neighborhood, dependent upon cosmopolitan labor, makes many undesirable residents frequent the vicinity. He was roaming about the place one Sunday when a young couple was found within the "no trespassing" fences. They did not recognize him.

"Do you suppose," asked the girl, "that Mr. Davis would mind if we picked some flowers?"

"I don't believe he would," answered the writer.

"You work for him, don't you?" questioned the girl. "I don't see why he has to put those 'no trespassing' signs on his old place. I don't think it's so swell, anyway."

"Yes, I work very hard for him," replied Mr. Davis, "and don't you pay any attention to those signs. He hasn't any business to put them up." The two went on placidly picking wild flowers, unaware that they had been talking to the owner himself.

In his last year Mr. Davis proved himself to be as good as ever at his writing, both in articles and fiction. It was doubtless because he retained all the freshness of youth in his point of view as well as his physical condition. He was deeply interested in the smallest trifle, and he had the camera eye of the born observer. His power of description was not surpassed, in my opinion. During the present war he wrote a story which was a classic, a story of the "Gray Ghost" army that came into Brussels, and, with the passing of the two scout bicycle riders which preceded it, Davis made you feel as if everything human ended. The rest was a miraculous machine that moved on endlessly. Nobody knew where this army was, nobody knew the Germans were wearing these gray-green uniforms until Mr. Davis discovered it all, and then he told the world of it in short, crisp sentences that crackled, and everybody knew about it.

Unlike some of the modern writers who find they can increase their output by using the trusty typewriter, Mr. Davis always wrote everything by hand on squares of yellow paper in wretched chirography, the manuscript usually being amazingly interlined. And he would not turn in a story until he was satisfied with it himself. He would rewrite and rewrite parts of it so that the room where he worked was littered with scraps of paper that failed to please him, until it looked as if a sunflower had been moulting there. One of his big assets was his supreme patience in constructing and polishing a story.

He also hated to agree to produce a story on a certain date, because he did not like to write unless he felt he had a real story to tell, and then he worked on endlessly, forgetting time and place and engagements. He was in no way like another author with whom I am acquainted.

"I don't believe in the foibles of genius," this man says. "I see these writers hang around for three or four days waiting for an inspiration. I have always believed that if a man just sits down in front of a typewriter long enough he is bound to get mad after a while and produce something. It may not be a full sized masterpiece the first heat, but it is something."

This writer is very successful if you care to measure success by quantity.

Mr. Davis came from literary stock, so his trade was the natural one for him to follow. He first worked on the Philadelphia *Ledger*, and then the *Press*, when he had hardly attained the voting age. It was while on the Philadelphia *Press* he found Gallagher, the wise office boy, whose sapience permitted him to express opinions on current events in a manner which held Mr. Davis's readers.

Philadelphia did not fit Mr. Davis very long. He outgrew it. He soon was a member of the staff of THE NEW YORK EVENING SUN, and it was while he was employed on this newspaper that he brought Mr. Courtland Van Ribber to a position of real prominence. By the time he was 23 he was far from being an unrecognized author. Everything he produced seemed to be written for the very joy of it. When he was 25 he had fully arrived.

Davis was always extremely clean of both mind and body. He never appeared on the street that he did not look like an advertisement for a safety razor, and you always felt he was fit and ready to meet all sorts in the world, with his hat cocked just a little to one side and at least a figurative flower in his buttonhole. He was favored by fortune since youth. He had never been stranded in a strange country without funds. He had never been forced to starve in a garret with the monotony of the day broken only by the postman's whistle returning rejected manuscripts. Richard Harding Davis was a success from the start.

Davis lived with a capital L, seeing both the amusing and the pathetic in life all the way, and he made it a point to stick close to the inside rail of human emotions. He did the unusual for his own amusement. He never lost his capacity for enjoyment. He was always a boy at heart.

Less than six weeks before this article was written he burst into our offices with a commission for James Driscoll, the capable office boy of the syndicate.

"Jimmy," demanded Davis without any explanation, "do you want to be a detectuf?"

Mr. Driscoll, who had recently put on long trousers and therefore deserved the dignity of the title, thought he would. He nodded his head in assent, for he was still bashful and not yet fully accustomed to rubbing up against fame, although I know he secretly rated Mr. Davis below Christy Mathewson, who was also a frequent visitor to the office. It was always impossible to get any work from Mr. Driscoll while Matty was around.

"If you want to be a detectuf," continued Mr. Davis, "go over to the New York *Herald* office and ask if there is any mail for Henry Wagner, then walk around the block and see if any one follows you."

"What's the game?" I asked Mr. Davis after Jimmy had started on his mission.

"I put an advertisement in the *Herald* which I thought might catch some German spies," he explained. "I said in it that a non-commissioned officer of the United States army, retired, of German-American parents, has some plans and patents of a confidential nature for sale. I gave the name of Henry Wagner. If I receive a reply and can arrange for a meeting I will get Gen. Wood, who is a friend of mine, to give me some phony plans of fortifications. I will try to sell them. If I do it will be a great story of German spies in America for you. Maybe the bait won't be right, but if I catch anything it certainly will make a fine yarn."

However, Detectuf Jimmy returned shortly with the news that there was no mail for Henry Wagner and that he could not discover any one shadowing him after he left the *Herald* office.

"I didn't want to ask for it myself," explained Davis, "for fear the window might be watched for some one seeking mail under that name. Maybe my bait wasn't right for hooking them. I'm sure they are here just the same. Well, thanks for being a detectuf, Jimmy."

Mr. Davis never did receive the sort of answer to his advertisement which would lead to anything, although he had two or three nibbles. But the incident goes to show the freshness of his point of view and the spontaneity of his feeling.

But no envious newspaper reporter or author should believe Mr. Davis got his results without effort. Once, when he was on the old Philadelphia *Press*, he read Robert Louis Stevenson's "A Lodging for the Night" and wrote the distinguished author a letter. He received a reply, in which Stevenson warned Davis he must be careful not to fall heir to the hasty methods of journalism. Here is the answer Stevenson sent, Davis having carefully preserved it:

"Why, thank you so much for your frank, agreeable and natural letter. It is certainly very pleasant that all you young fellows should enjoy my work and get some good out of it, and it was very kind in you to write and tell me so. The tale of the suicide is excellently droll; and your letter, you may be sure, will be preserved. If you are to escape unhurt out of your present business you must be very careful and you must find in your heart much constancy. The swiftly done work of the journalist and the cheap finish and ready made methods to which it leads you must try to counteract in private by writing with the most considerate slowness and on the most ambitious models. And, when I say 'writing'—O, believe me, it is rewriting that I have chiefly in mind. If you will do this I hope to hear of you some day.

"Please excuse this sermon from

"Your obliged,

"ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON."

"I have tried to follow that advice," declared Davis to me.

No matter how far he travelled, no matter where he was, Davis never forgot he was an American. A certain American writer got in a dispute with a United States consul located in a South African city while making a trip up the coast with him. The cause of the dispute was a beautiful girl on the steamer who "fell for the author," and for whom the consul was "making a play." So irritated did the consul become over the failure of his cause with the lady that he had the writer arrested in a fever port, at which the steamer touched, and thrown into jail. The charge was a fictitious one, but the danger of fever was very real, especially in that filthy jail. The consul proceeded on up the coast aboard the steamer, leaving the writer to his fate and the fever.

Davis happened along and heard of the American in the dirty jail on the fever coast. He stopped in his journey long enough to miss the steamer on which he was travelling but to bring relief to the writer in the fever hole. He gave the fellow writer money enough to carry him back to the United States, since the jailers, like most in their trade, had been careful about leaving him broke. And then Richard Harding Davis went on his blithesome way. He adjusted the case of the false arrest of the writer through the State Department later and furnished testimony which resulted in the removal of the offending official with his fondness for pretty women and his lack of attention to affairs of state. An American in trouble could always depend upon Davis.

Some of the best stories written by the hero of this sketch have been founded on fact. His great story "The Derelict" was based on a newspaper incident which happened in the Far East. He lived in part many of the adventures through which his readers follow his characters.

Davis never tried to solve the subtleties of women in his writings, perhaps because he was a big man, in fine health, straight, clean, soldierly looking, who never dodged any issues when they came up. He was so soldierly looking that the Germans wanted to shoot him as an English spy recently. He was always in condition, fit to go on any campaign and stood all hardships with the toughest. He was fond of prizefights and baseball. He was called to the telephone while at lunch one day.

"I'll bet," he said as he excused himself from the table, "it is Jack Barrymore wanting me to go to the fight to-night."

"I was right," he declared when he returned, "and you bet I'm going."

Right then Davis was sure the prospective fight would be the best one he had ever seen. He was that sort of an optimist. He always found something new to enjoy and amuse him. In his younger days, when he was on the Philadelphia *Press*, he went to "cover" a fight for his paper. The Mayor attended this exhibition, and his Honor's collar had worked loose from the back button. In the excitement attendant on the battle it moved up and down his neck as loose as ashes. Davis based his story on the mannerisms of the Mayor's collar and reported the fight from the point of view of the collar. When things were dull in the ring the collar was calm. When it moved up and down, like the walking beam on a Hudson River steamer, the fighters were "mixing it." Everybody in Philadelphia was talking of the story and the collar the next day.

Whenever a shot had been fired in war in the last twenty years Davis had been there. He liked the game. In this he was directly opposed in tastes to his distinguished contemporary, Booth Tarkington, whom I endeavored to induce to go to Mexico when war threatened there last spring. Mr. Tarkington declined very emphatically, saying he preferred to get his excitement playing checkers at the local fire engine house, and he hoped to be in Kennebunkport, Me., instead of Vera Cruz when the battle began.

"I have been shot at," wrote Mr. Tarkington, "but never with my consent."

What Davis marvelled at was the attitude of the ordinary reader of a newspaper toward a war correspondent.

"When a correspondent is arrested," he used to say, "the average newspaper reader will say 'good,' but if his baker is arrested, so that he can't deliver rolls, and the reader has no rolls for breakfast, he is put out. A war correspondent goes to get news for the morning paper. If the subscriber has not this news because the man who is trying to get it is arrested he should not rejoice any more than he does when his rolls don't come and he is without any. The joke is on him and not the correspondent, for he is the loser."

In this sketch I have endeavored to draw a picture of Richard Harding Davis the man, more than the writer. Some insinuate he was a snob, perhaps because of a hinted cockiness in his walk, the slightly tilted hat, the, at least, figurative flower in his buttonhole and his air of being able to take care of himself. But these critics seldom have their names on magazine covers, practically never, perhaps the reason being they are "knockers." Little attempt has been made to analyze the writings of Mr. Davis. They are too well known, too wholesome, too right out from the shoulder to require this. They only show Davis for what he was, the man's sized man, which he had been since the start, which he was when he died.

CATHEDRAL NO MORE A SHAPELESS MASS

Vision of Its Beauty Grows Clearer as Work on Great Structure Is Carried On

WHERE ground was broken a month ago for the nave of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine rock drills and steam shovels have already gnawed a tremendous gash in the hill where the foundations will be set. With each new stage of construction has come a more adequate realization of what the cathedral will be. As one part after another is added to the fabric critics who voiced their disappointment a year or two ago are taking a different view of what they termed a "shapeless mass" and "tragic blunder" when first it was announced that the original plans for a Byzantine structure had been abandoned with the death of the architect who made them in favor of the Gothic style.

There is a growing ability to think of the cathedral in terms of the whole, to seize upon the fragment and from it construct the ultimate entire. The opening of the excavation for the nave, nearly 600 feet in length, from the temporary wall of the crossing to Amsterdam avenue, has unshackled the imagination of the visitor and afforded exercise in perspective.

For instance, the monster columns of the apse failed to satisfy the taste of some observers. It was said that one must go to Baalbec or Egypt to match them; that they denied the fitness of things in bearing aloft the diminutive arches of the sanctuary, which the slenderest of shafts would have suited. This was set down as a blunder and a testimony that we cannot build great churches nowadays.

But as there springs into the mind's eye the great stretch of the nave, the long drawn aisle, the vast architectural spaces, together with the immense auditorium of the central crossing, it is remembered that the tendency of the vista in most Gothic cathedrals is to shrink about the altar and to fritter away in the attenuated tracery of the sanctuary. It is now evident that these giant pillars, a novelty in architectural designing, are appropriately purposed to give the altar place the chief prominence and to preserve the sense of largeness. The architectural canons of the classic Greek porch, where the column was proportioned fitly to bear its visible burden of entablature, will not be applicable.

Let one imagine oneself entering at the great west portal and without any intervening obstacle receive that burst of glory from the distant eastern end beyond the central gulf of light. Then those Olympic guardians will compel attention to the sanctuary, shouldering what invisible weight of mystery, affording a resting place whence the grateful eye may pass to lovely depths prolonged in the concatenation of chapels beyond.

Similar considerations have caused a reversal of dejected opinion regarding the great east window, "The Light of the World." Many were disappointed by what seemed the flaunting rawness of reds, blues and golds. "That awful window" shocked many an ecclesiastical parlor sensibility, despite the fact that the glass stainer who did it stands in the front rank in that beautiful art. But now it is realized that such a splash of color is not to be judged without reference to the companion pieces that are to flank it.

It will not remain in its present drab society of blind glass and dusty brown curtains. On either side will be three windows just as brilliantly colored, harmonizing with a polychromatic decorative scheme centralized in the half dome over the sanctuary, where a frieze of colossal saints will support a Christ in glory. The concave will be covered with mosaics as lustrous as any in the world. The purpose of the special committee on interior decoration was expressed as follows:

"The strategic point of the building from the standpoint of decorative symbolism is the vaulting of the sanctuary. Whatever is placed here stamps the character of the building. In any Christian church the central thought is of Christ; in this church it ought to be of Christ as presented by St. John.

"The proper subject for this central space would seem to be 'The Incarnate Word of God' (John i, 1-14), and the didactic aim of this supremely important piece of decoration would be to express something of the thought of the prologue to St. John's gospel. It is recommended that this be filled with mosaic upon a gold ground, which might contain a great circle or matrix as background for a central figure or group."

Again it is necessary to let fancy bridge the distance from the west door to the choir. Through wide spaces, past rich sculptures and choicest secrets of nooks and crannies the lines will lead the eye straight to the altar; then the vision will take its flight upward with the pull of marble and stone and rhythmic color to the central figure above the sanctuary—a triumph of symbolism, full of deep meaning for the instructed churchman and a challenge to study for those who are less versed in the mysteries which the visible church shadows forth.

That the problem of fitly assembling the parts of the cathedral, of juxtaposing Romanesque sanctuary and Gothic nave and transepts, of harmonizing the superstructure, will finally be solved would seem to be indicated by the workmanship of the seven exquisite Chapels of the Tongues, which, in the opinion of competent observers, are eloquent of promise for the remainder of the work.

These seven chapels, as Archdeacon Stuck has said, "radiate from the sanctuary like jewels around the neck of a stately woman." Six have been completed. The Chapel of St. Ansgarius, known as the Huntington memorial, is approaching completion. This and St. James's Chapel, or the Potter memorial, recently consecrated, are according to experts, gems of pure Gothic and probably among the best work done anywhere in modern times—an adornment to any cathedral. The five lesser chapels are of admirable ecclesiastical taste.

A practical work with immigrants is being done through these Chapels of the Tongues, which represent seven different rites, as follows, beginning with the south side: St. James's Chapel, Spanish Mozarabic rite; St. Ambrose, Italian rite; St. Martin of Tours, Huguenot chapel, Gallican rite; St. Saviour, Oriental rite; St. Columba, Scots chapel, British rite; St. Boniface, Holland chapel, German rite; St. Ansgarius, Swedes' chapel, Scandinavian rite.

In the influence exercised the cathedral is realizing more and more the ideal of service spoken of by Dean Grosvenor in his vision of what the cathedral may be.

The cathedral is intended to be the centre of religious life and of religious light to the diocese and in its degree to the whole church. St. John's has no easy task at the very centre of civilization of the Western world surrounded by 5,000,000 people of diverse races and languages, a vast number of whom have no connection with the church which St. John the Divine typifies. Yet a great deal of work has been done in the cathedral.

No one can enter it on a week day or on a Sunday without seeing that it has laid hold of the hearts of the people of the metropolis. No one can doubt that there is great life and energy within it and it is becoming very much a centre of religious life to the non-Roman Catholic portion of this overwhelming city.

When the cathedral is spoken of as a centre of religious life its worship naturally comes first. The musical services and devotional services go hand in hand with attention. The custom of introducing extraneous preachers at special afternoon services on Sunday, which began some years ago in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, London, followed here. The best preachers of Anglican communion are asked to are now to be heard in St. John the Divine, whether they belong to the cathedral body or not.

THE VISION OF THE CATHEDRAL

By the Very Rev. WILLIAM MERCER GROSVENOR, Dean of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

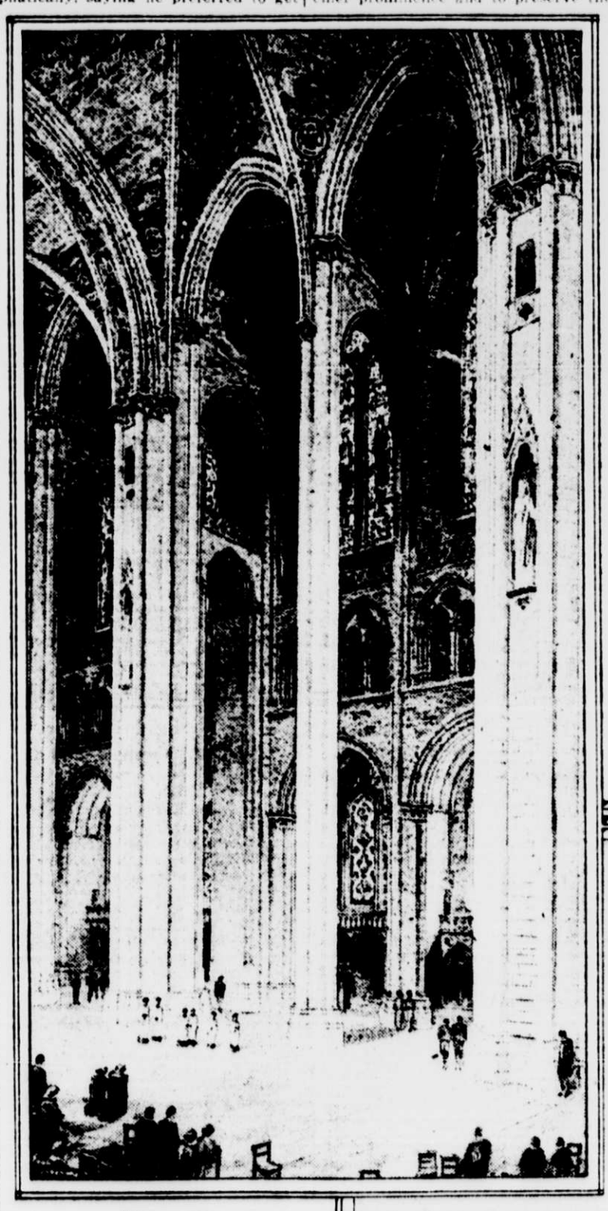
THE vision of the cathedral is that stone and mortar in forms of majestic beauty may speak once more as they have spoken through the ages, a sign and symbol of God's sheltering love and of a spiritual power that is eternal.

Of course there comes over us at times the questioning of our utilitarian age, and we hear the oft repeated phrases, "The age of the cathedral has passed," "It will be an empty tomb," "Why this waste?" But if the vastness and the freedom and the beauty of a great house of God brings courage and peace into the hearts of men and women struggling with the given problems of life, and through that courage and peace fits them to go on with the battle, then how dare we call it waste?

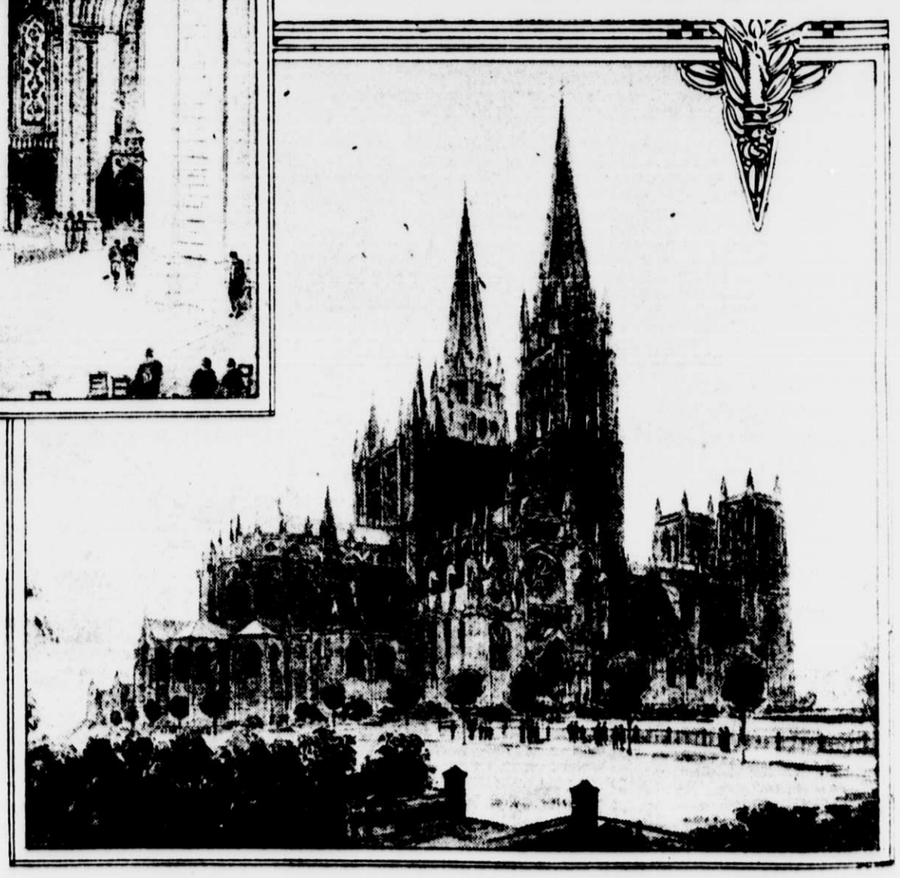
For that and for many other reasons we will hold to our vision of what the cathedral is to be with its services of solemn and inspiring beauty, but we must remember the challenge of this our own age, and this church must be the home of a living and vital interest in the problems of every kind of human need.

We do not want to rival the mediæval atmosphere. We look with stern rebuke upon the cathedral covered with rich mosaics and delicate sculptures, when at its feet are clustered the most wretched hovels of the neglected poor. We must go out and help—help the city, help good government, help all who are striving to make life sweeter and stronger and nobler for every one. The very bigness and splendor and cost of our equipment are a daily challenge to our zeal, our efficiency and our eagerness for service.

So let the great building grow and grow, and let its largeness of spirit and its wealth of human service grow with it year by year, till all the people love it and rejoice in it.



The nave.



The Cathedral of St. John the Divine as it will look when completed.